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“ PRINCESS MONA ”

A ROMANTIC POETICAL
DRAMA

BY
E. COUNGEAU

THREE ILLUSTRATIONS

By D. H. SOUTER.

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SYDNEY AND BRISBANE

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PRINCESS MONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRINCE BORIS An Explorer
SIR LIONEL MONTMORENCY Secretary
COUNT DE LONGUEVILLE } { Companions to
DON PEDRO GARCIA .. } { Prince Boris
PRINCESS MONA

Sole Possessor of the Island of Dreams
CAMOOLA An Attendant on Princess Mona
GNOMUS An Earth Sprite
ELVES, CHIEF BANDIT, COURT OFFICIALS, SOLDIERS, SAILORS,
PEOPLE, DEMON, CHORUS.

SCENES OF THE PLAY

FIRST ACT.

SCENE 1. *The Seashore. Daybreak.*

SECOND ACT.

SCENE 1. *The Cryptic Pool. Noonday.*

SCENE 2. *The Cryptic Pool. Moonlight.*

THIRD ACT.

SCENE 1. *Chamber of the Palace.*

SCENE 2. *Chamber of the Palace.*

SCENE 3. *Terrace of the Palace.*

SCENARIO.

A most beautiful girl, PRINCESS MONA, lives on an Island, of which she is the sole possessor, and is surrounded by natives, whom she rules in a lovable and dignified manner. She sees very little of them, as she confines herself within a circle of beautiful country not far from the mountains and sea. CAMOOLA has told her that on attaining a certain age, GNOMUS (the Spirit of the Past) will reveal to her the story of her birth, of which she is at present in ignorance.

The girl is now eighteen, and knows that her home is called THE ISLAND OF DREAMS, on account of its barbaric loveliness. It is very difficult of approach, hence she converses with none but her subjects, who adore her for her beauty and courage.

The PRINCESS has many heirlooms, left her by her mother, which she wears or discards at her will. Far surpassing all other gems is her magnificent GIRDLE OF PEARLS, with which she has an adventure.

GNOMUS relates the tale of her birth.

One day some marauders from afar (INDONESIA) arrive in a Junk, pursue the PRINCESS, seize her famous GIRDLE, and escape with the precious booty.

Later, a PRINCE arrives to explore the Island, has a party with him, one of which plays the traitor, leading to a duel. A dramatic scene ensues, and the sequel is revealed in the last Act. The scene is laid in FELIX AUSTRALIS.

Written October, 1916.

E. COUNGEAU, Brisbane.

FIRST ACT



ACT I—Scene I.

FIRST ACT

SCENE 1.—DAYBREAK.

Seashore; mountains; a huge Nautilus Shell in the background; foreground of overarching trees; tropic verdure, etc.

[On the rising of the curtain a Nautilus Shell is seen closed. A group of ELVES, led by CAMOOLA, have been carefully guarding it through the darkness. At the sound of twittering birds, the ELVES softly sing.]

ELVES' Chorus

See yon bright magic wand
Hath gilded the skies,
And Aurora so fond
All blushing flies.
Oh, soon 'twill be day,
And folded away
The dark mantle of Night;
While the spirit Delight
Will broider a path
All gleaming with mirth.
Tra, la, la; tra, la, la.

[Grand Dance of ELVES.]

Chorus [as sun rises]

Lo, the joyous morn is come;
Gorgeous flame flowers rich with bloom
We will weave to deck her form.

Tra, la, la; tra, la, la.

Our Princess is sleeping there;
Never walked there one so fair,
With her fairy feet all bare.

Tra, la, la; tra, la, la.

[As chorus ceases the scene lightens. As the sun's rays touch the Nautilus Shell it very slowly opens, disclosing the PRINCESS in soft pink light. The rest of the scene is in greens, blues, and greys.]

Solo, PRINCESS MONA

In dreams, fair dreams, one came to me

From out the dewy wood,

His face at first I could not see,

Though by my side he stood;

But very soon the veiling haze

Of golden vapours fled,

And then I heard with sweet amaze

A tender voice, which said:

"Come with the Dawn, whose roseate plumes

With diamond dews are laden;

Come where the Night Flower softly gleams,

My beautiful Mist Maiden.

Come, I am Love, true Love," he said;

But when I woke, my Love had fled.

Hymn to the Day

I will kiss the lips of Day,
Odorous of perfume,
Ere my willing feet shall stray
Where white lilies bloom.
Golden bars aslant the sky
Glisten o'er my head,
Silver wavelets wantonly
Lave my pearly bed.
Come unto the amorous woods,
Rest 'neath feathery palms,
Where the rich, dim silence broods,
Broken but by psalms.

Chorus of ELVES

Go we to the amorous woods,
Rest 'neath feathery palms,
Where the rich, dim silence broods
Broken but by psalms.

Pillowed on the velvet grass,
Every Satellite
Slumber till the shadows pass,
Deepen into night.
Then, within the forest glade,
Just at midnight hour,
We will keep the tryst we made
With each pale moon flower.

They will ope their lovely lips
For ambrosial dew;
Every little fairy sips,
Lifting soft eyes, too.

Chorus

They will ope their lovely lips
For ambrosial dew;
Every little fairy sips,
Lifting soft eyes, too.

Rhythmic Dance and Chorus of ELVES

Let us, clasping hand in hand,
Dance a caper o'er the sand,
For we are a merry band.
Tra, la, la; tra, la, la.
See the floating seaweed green,
Soft and silken in its sheen.
Fit for any fairy queen.
Tra, la, la; tra, la, la.
Fit for any fairy queen,
Fit for our Princess, we ween.
Tra, la, la; tra, la, la.

[*Exit ELVES to beach; PRINCESS following, joins the ELVES. CAMOOLA enters wood, advances toward an immense granite boulder covered with moss and bole, and almost hidden in the undergrowth. She raps three times with a rod.*]

CAMOOOLA *chants invocation*

From thy home within the earth,
Gnomus, Gnomus, come thou forth.
I would speak to thee. Appear!

[*Enter GNOMUS, an earth sprite, veiled in thin cloak, giving air of mystery. He carries a silver wand.*]

GNOMUS

Would'st thou with me have speech, Camoola?

CAMOOOLA

Thou did'st promise that thou would,
When she came to womanhood,
The truth declare.

.
I have called thee to discuss
What concerneth both of us;
I invoked thee from the earth
That the secret of her birth
To that child thou should disclose,
Ere she seeks again repose.
Thou must tell her whence she came,
Murmur softly her real name;
Tell her what none else may know
Of that mystic long ago.
Gnomus, this is my request,
'Tis thy duty. Do thy best.

GNOMUS

I, who am the rightful guardian
Of that lovely coy Sea Maiden,
Will recount the years long vanished,
Yet her joy I may see banished.

DEMON'S VOICE [*off*]

Aye, vanished, banished, thou speakest truly.
Ha. ha: ha, ha!

GNOMUS

'Tis that old malignant spirit,
Influence of all ill. I fear it,
But for her sake I will dare it.

CAMOOLA

Hush, the Princess comes to hear it.

[PRINCESS *here returns from her bath. She sees*
CAMOOLA and GNOMUS, *whom she knows as her protector.*
Advances towards GNOMUS]

PRINCESS

Gnomus, I am ever sad,
But my dream hath
Made me glad.

PRINCESS

Oh, that beautiful dream story
Of my love so true;
Till he really come, the glory
Of the flowers and dew,

All my jewels, all the splendour
Of the stars and sea,
All thy loving words so tender—
Naught availeth me.

GNOMUS

For those loving words so tender,
Twofold service will I render.

CAMoola

Princess, darling of my bosom,
Hath love come so soon?
Placid as a fair lake's chasm
Till this very noon
Was thy spirit. Now, some passion
Shakes it as a storm.
Lo, at mine own invocation,
Gnomus's friendly form.

GNOMUS

Yes, at thine own invocation,
I will tell her of his passion.

PRINCESS

Oh, I know that every leaf,
Every curling frond,
Hath its little secret grief,
Aching like a wound.

So disconsolate am I,
Had I downy wings,
I would gather stars so high,
Count those glorious things.
E'en the music of the birds
Seemeth not the same,
But, like solemn haunting chords,
Asketh me my name.

GNOMUS

And like solemn haunting chords
I'll pronounce thy name.

[GNOMUS *whispers to CAMOOLA, then advances to PRINCESS, waving wand and chanting slowly.*]

From the earth I come with a message meant
For thy tender ears alone;
Where dark rivers run and the rocks are rent,
And mortals are ghosts in stone;
For I am GNOMUS, the old earth sprite,
And I rule in a world so strange,
Where great forest monarchs lie down in their might,
And we merrily o'er them range.
For good or for evil, for praise or for blame,
Some will love thee, and some will hate,
But one that loves truly shall learn thy name,
When he comes to the Wishing Gate.

For that Demon of old hath the key of Hate,
And with vials of simmering wrath
Will breathe dark thoughts and my deeds frustrate,
Till Love in his strength come forth.

DEMON'S *voice* [*off*]

Ha, ha; ha, ha!

[PRINCESS *is startled at hearing the DEMON voice.*]

GNOMUS

Once, from out a coral Atoll,
Where upon the waves thou floated,
Lying as a pale Sea Lily
Slumbers while the seas caress it,
I beheld, and thee I rescued;
Helios took fair Oceana,
Kissed her bare and blue-veined bosom
Till his soul with passion trembling,
Burned for love so pure and rare.
I, from out the Past, its Spirit,
Seized that stately Nautilus,
Stole it for thy Queenly Cradle,
Watched thee grow so beauteous.
By thy youth, sweet maid, I swear it,
At thy birth 'twas I who named thee.
List; but winds and stars can hear it—
"PRINCESS MONA, SOUL OF DAWN."

PRINCESS

Hush; thy voice my spirit stirs,
Soft, melodious,
Sweetest music in mine ears.
Chanting to me thus.
I will love the wave's refrain
For my Mother's sake;
But I wait for love in vain,
Till my heart doth break.

GNOMUS

Thou wer't sleeping when the morning
Turned into the blackest noon,
Seismic fires were smoking, burning,
Blotting out the light of moon.
That was at the wondrous birth throes
Of thy Mother's agony.
Only I and the old earth knows
How she threw thee from the sea;
Now, as she, thou would'st a lover.
Ah, but thou art beautiful.
All too soon those wings shall cover
Thee, and win thy youthful soul;
Then when Love is crowned by Duty,
Thou shalt grow to greater Beauty.

PRINCESS

While the birds at daybreak trill,
Will Love come with golden laughter;

Or when the Queen Moon walks after,
As the dew her sweet eyes fill?
That blue pavement star bestrewn,
Oft I watch her softly pacing.
Sometimes languishing, while lacing
Her pearl fretted, turned-up shoon.
Just as thou at night or noon,
Dearest Moon, I am so lonely;
I would ne'er be sad if only
I were sure Love would come soon.

GNOMUS

Love is a bewitching thief
With radiant darts,
Filching for his golden sheaf
Young budding hearts.
Beauty loveth solitude
In guileless ruth,
Just a dreamy interlude
'Twixt it and truth.

PRINCESS

I love flowers and they love me,
And yon elves
Talk of Love incessantly
'Tween themselves.

GNOMUS

I adjure thee, Love now waiteth,
Ere three moons the earth embraceth,
Thou shalt meet thy fate;
Where the Grotto's pool clear shineth,
Where a maiden fair reclineth,
At the Wishing Gate.

Look thou in the secret well,
Bind thy jewelled zone,
For this weird and mystic spell
Is for thee alone,

[PRINCESS *reclines on fern bank.*]

Trio, PRINCESS, CAMOOLA, GNOMUS.

PRINCESS

Soft the spirit of the wood
Chants a tender stave.
In a melancholy mood:
"Thou thy friends must leave."

CAMOOLA

Though thy lover bear thee hence,
'Tis but for a time;
It will make no difference—
We remain the same.

GNOMUS

Shielded shalt thou be from harm,
If thou carry twain,

Opal Amulets to charm
'Gainst the power of pain.

[GNOMUS *here presents to the PRINCESS a pair of magnificent Opal Amulets, attached to chains, which she winds around her arms.*]

PRINCESS

Come hither, Elves,
And feast your eyes;
What gorgeous fires
Within them lies.

Here within this scented grove
Gnomus tells me of my Love;
Ere three times have passed the moon,
Ere she casts three silver shoon,
Ere she spins in tender trace
Veils for each fair moon flower's face,
Ropes of fairy pearls hath press't
On the Water Lily's breast.
I shall see my Love.

Chorus of ELVES

Lady of the big sea shell,
Who hath Amulets,
And a lover in the dell—
One who ne'er forgets,

We around thee now will dance
Lest the Fates shall bind
All of us by any chance
To that Love who's blind.

CAMOOLA

Fare thee well, our fair Princess;
We will guard thy happiness,
Watch thy budding loveliness.

GNOMUS

Soon shall I come again,
And thou wilt wiser be;
Love cometh not at will,
But ever loitereth he.
Farewell, farewell!

[*Exeunt CAMOOLA and GNOMUS.*]

Jewel Song. PRINCESS

My Mother gave me precious gems
To clasp my long braids down;
But these rich fires like leaping flames
Seems hearts entwined in one.
I know not which to love the most,
My girdle lustrous glows,
And when I bind it round my waist
It seems as if it knows
That when my pulsing, longing breast
Is yearning for real love,

.

My panting feelings unexpress't
It seemeth to reprove.
Oh, yes; I love each Amulet
Like two red hearts that lie,
Changing to green and amber,
Yet I know not how, or why.

[ELVES place scarlet Hibiscus flowers on her breast.]

Fairest beauty, sweet Princess,
Lily of the wilderness,
Scarlet flowers we bring to bind
Tresses blown by every wind.
We will braid their silken flow
That they trail o'er thy pale brow;
Kiss the blooms upon thy breast,
Dance to thee while thou dost rest.

Grand Dance of the ELVES.

[Enter SAILORS, who walk the shore cautiously until they come to the Nautilus Shell, which, on seeing, they know they are on the track of that which they covet. The PRINCESS and ELVES can see them from the wood, and at sight of the SAILORS examining the shell the elves cower down in the undergrowth. The PRINCESS conceals herself behind a tree, watching their proceedings, as a Junk, propelled by oars, comes on left, while prominent at the prow is a bold and handsome CHIEF OF BANDITTI, who steps ashore and encourages the SAILORS to plunder.]

BANDIT

After weeks of storm and toil,
Now behold the calm.
Lo, before thee lies the spoil
In this isle of charm.
Everywhere some treasure lies—
Gold, and gem, and pearl;
Each must seize the nearest prize
Ere our sails unfurl.

SAILORS' *Chorus*

Heigh, ho! over we go;
This is the Island of Pearls, we know.
Our Chief is wise,
For here is the prize.
Heigh, ho; heigh, ho!

BANDIT

Behind are the rolling billows,
Before us a balmy breeze,
And heigh for we jolly fellows,
And heigh for the laughing seas.
They will fling white arms about us,
These sirens who wait for toll,
But they'll never be able to rout us,
However the surges roll.

SAILORS' *Chorus.*

Heigh, ho! over we go;
This is the Island of Pearls, we know.
Our Chief is wise,
For here is the prize.
Heigh, ho; heigh, ho!

CHIEF BANDIT

Behold the "Nymph of the Girdle";
Her jewels alone are worth a "King's ransom."
[PRINCESS *approaches.*]

CHIEF BANDIT

I would ne'er desire to have
Fairer gem than thou;
But thy jewels thou must give,
Or before the prow
Thou must ride,
In thy pride,
As my Bride.

PRINCESS

What means this scene
In my demesne?
Would ye by stealth
Take all my wealth?

BANDIT

That musical voice
Bids my heart rejoice.
But why this alarm?
I will do thee no harm.

CHIEF BANDIT

Jacinths from thy slim throat swing,
Shimmering ropes of Orange Light;
Opal Amulets as night
Changing fires translucent fling.
More magnificent than these,
Thy Pearl Girdle wrought so fair
Mocks the Moonstones in each ear
Given thee by the amorous seas.

PRINCESS

Thou knowest far too much,
But do not dare to touch.

PRINCESS *calls*

Camoola! Gnomus!

BANDIT

I can see thou knowest not
What the old world hath forgot:
Many a crowned head hath bent
'Neath the jewels thou hast lent.
Many a snowy throat enshrined
Pearls which did thy fair brow bind;

Once a star-eyed Queen so brown,
Who could smile and who could frown,
Placed a pearl in golden cup,
Then dissolved and drank it up.
That was one thy Mother gave,
Which that Siren's soul did crave.

PRINCESS

Cease thy story, cease;
Leave me here in peace.

BANDIT

Truly a surprise
Are thy splendid eyes;
Though thou art so proud,
And in angry mood,
Thou must grant me grace
To look upon thy face.

SAILORS' Chorus

Heigh, ho! over we go;
This is the Island of Pearls, we know.
Our Chief is wise,
For here is the prize.
Heigh, ho; heigh, ho!

[The PRINCESS, now very much alarmed, runs into wood, where ELVES are watching. The BANDITS are in pursuit. The PRINCESS sees them, and making a detour, she comes out upon the beach, followed by the ELVES. The CHIEF

BANDIT is close on her heels, and catches hold of her, while the ELVES cling to PRINCESS, and in the melee her girdle falls to the ground. The CHIEF seizes it, signs to the other marauders to enter the Junk, and himself follows quickly with the precious girdle. BANDITTI re-embark.]

SAILORS' Chorus

Heigh, ho! over we go,
Away from the Island of Pearls we know.
Our Chief was wise,
For we have the prize.
Heigh, ho; heigh, ho; heigh, ho!

[Enter CAMOOLA, who, hearing the commotion, arrives as the SAILORS with long oars punt their vessel off, left.]

END OF FIRST ACT—CURTAIN FALLS.

[Curtain rises again, disclosing PRINCESS and CAMOOLA. CAMOOLA consoles the PRINCESS.]

SECOND ACT



ACT II—Scene 2.

SECOND ACT

SCENE I,—NOONDAY.

Background of lofty rocks; grotto at base; big clear pool in centre, on which are seen floating gleaming white water-lilies; umbrella palms; acacia pendulum; tropical forest scene; green glade in foreground.

[*On the rising of curtain in the second Act, the PRINCESS is seen reclining at the outer edge of pool. ELVES are inside the grotto with CAMOOLA, also GNOMUS, who is at far end of cave. The PRINCESS is robed in pea-green velvet skirt with overdress of fern leaves, same on bodice. Sandals of alligator skin; hair bound with scarlet Hibiscus flowers; wears all jewels except the lost Girdle.*]

Chorus and Dance of ELVES.

Chorus

See, she flusheth faintly,
Like a spirit saintly,
And her eyes of azure,
Sparkling o'er with pleasure,
Seek a lover there.

[*Enter GNOMUS from cave; waves wand and chants.*]

Princess, thou who knowest me,
Look, and say what dost thou see
In the Cryptic Pool?

[*PRINCESS leans over, looks into pool.*]

I behold my face,
And that dream face, too,
Melting into blue.

Solo, PRINCESS

I have sought thee, Happiness,
Beneath the sun;
Whose golden core doth Earth caress
Till day is done;
Where scintillating stars appear,
Breathing of thee,
As, quivering in the vault of air,
They seem to see;
Or where pearl-girdled proud Selene,
With queenly grace,
Climbeth the stairs of Heaven, serene,
With smiling face;
And where, in grove and woodland dell
So sweetly meek,
Shy, drooping, glimmering moon flowers dwell,
Did I not seek?

Here at length I wait around
In solitude,
Where but echoes soft resound,
By zephyrs wooed.

Love, oh, Love, I would not lose
Thou so dear;
I can see two hearts enclose—
Love must be near.

GNOMUS

From the snow-clad mountains,
From the pearling fountains,
Where Cybele's towers,
Girt with ivied bowers,
Rise majestically,
O'er the Boreal Sea
Cometh one so tender
For this child of splendour.

DEMON *voice*

Love is but a frothy bubble—
It will have its share of trouble;
Ere it shapes each roseate hue,
Death may enter into view.

GNOMUS

Heed it not. This evil spirit
Powerful is, but do not fear it.
Farewell, till Love shall come.

[Exit GNOMUS.]

[A distant sound is heard. Someone is approaching. The swishing of bending branches, and several distinguished-looking men are seen sauntering towards the grotto. Enter the PRINCE EXPLORER and SUITE. They advance slowly to the PRINCESS, who awaits them with graceful dignity.]

PRINCE

What rare delight that we should meet
Such beauty in this wild retreat.
Reveal thy magic name to me,
Thou lovely Wood Anemone.

PRINCESS

If thou comest o'er the water,
Be the guest of Ocean's daughter.

PRINCE

My name is Boris, and I came,
For thy fame
Hath crossed three seas.
But not thy name.

PRINCESS

Methought that none could know of one
Who dwells alone
With a few fairies,
And for throne, the grass,
And flowers for crown.

DON PEDRO

Here is beauty of a kind
That we never left behind—
Dainty, shapely as a queen;
Calm and dignified in mien.

[PRINCESS *offers to* PRINCE *one of her amulets in token of friendship, which the PRINCE accepts. PRINCESS then plucks a Water Lily, and fills it with water from the pool.*]

PRINCESS

By this peerless fiery Opal,
By this fragrant Lily's Cupful,
Which I offer thee;
By this limpid, crystal water,
I, who am the only daughter
Of the mournful sea,
Welcome thee, and by such token
Seal the words which I have spoken.

[*Presents Lily to PRINCE.*]

I have seen the dawn all brightening,
I have seen the deep blue lightning,
And the reddened cloudlets soaring
Like an aerial fleet;

Heard the mellow notes adoring,
 Quivering so sweet
Of the messengers of gladness,
Sometimes chasing all my sadness;
Yet for one of those to-morrows,
Which the old world ever borrows,
I would suffer endless sorrows
 And would gladly greet.

PRINCE

By these lofty, tempest-riven
Rocks that hide the very heaven;
By this lovely solitude,
Where but nymphs have dared intrude,
I will take this sparkling water,
Lily-cupped, from Ocean's daughter.

[PRINCE bows low to the lovely girl. Drinks from lily,
and returns it. ELVES file from grotto. Grand ELFIN
Waltz and Chorus.]

Come away, come away,
 Where woods are dim,
And tender branches sway
 To some sweet hymn;
Where rilllets pour
Their tribute o'er,
Come away, come away.

Solo PRINCE

Far from the hum of human bees
That feed on honeyed flowers,
Or press sweet chords upon life's keys
Along the jewelled hours;
The gilded pomp and empty show
Lie buried in the years;
For me they have no glamour now,
But splendour veiled in tears.

PRINCE *and* PRINCESS

For me they have no glamour now,
But splendour veiled in tears.

PRINCE

Here in inviolable calm,
Beneath the lucent gleam
Of golden cloud and graceful palm,
Is an exalting theme.
The thrilling notes that grandly rise
From Nature's saintly shrine
Breathe forth that perfect equipoise
Which dreamers deem divine.

PRINCE *and* PRINCESS

Breathe forth that perfect equipoise
Which dreamers deem divine.

PRINCE

But thou, so chastely innocent
Of all that meaneth guile,
Cloistered in thine own firmament,
Dear Lone Star—on me smile.

PRINCE *and* PRINCESS

Cloistered in thine own firmament,
Dear Lone Star—on me smile.

PRINCESS

I hear such music flow
As golden rain
On thirsty leaves, which grow
Athirst again.

PRINCE *and* PRINCESS

As golden rain on thirsty leaves,
Which grow athirst again.

[*Change of scene.*]

SCENE 2.—GROTTO BY MOONLIGHT.

Full moon. PRINCESS *at Grotto, has woven a garland of flowers, and placing it around her neck, sings, advancing to centre of Stage.*

Solo, PRINCESS

Love hath come like a star,
That shineth so pure;

From the realms of afar,
It hath pierced the obscure.
Far brighter than gems,
So warm is its glow,
I feel the long beams
Are touching me now.
For thee will I wear
This garland of flowers,

[Here she looks into pool.]

And again will I peer
In the pool; and the powers
That rule over Love
May be with me for aye,
For his presence did move
My whole being to-day.

[Exit to Grotto.]

[Enter DON PEDRO GARCIA, who wishes to supplant the PRINCE, whom he knows is in love with the PRINCESS. He has left the PRINCE and SUITE resting, and has taken advantage of the opportunity to make love to the PRINCESS. On seeing him approach the Grotto, she calmly rises to greet him.]

PRINCESS *[to DON PEDRO]*

Has the Prince sent his ambassador with a message for me?

DON PEDRO

Thou art truly the most beautiful nymph that I have ever set eyes on, and I have seen many women, but none so exquisitely fair as thou.

Solo, DON PEDRO GARCIA

For love of thee my heart awakes,
My pulses throb with life anew;
This dull inertia swiftly breaks
'Neath light of moon and fall of dew.

Listen!

Thy heart is like a brook
That murmured sweet and low,
Till Love a pebble took,
And stirred its undine flow.
Thou knowest nought of life,
Thou Wild Rose, all alone,
So far from scenes of strife,
And nurtured by the Sun.
Child, let me teach thee Love:
Yon galaxy of stars
Will see no passion move
To music such as ours.
My pulses throb to pain,
Thy carmine lips to press;
Let me not plead in vain—
Give me but one caress.

[DON PEDRO here attempts to caress the PRINCESS, who passionately repulses him.]

PRINCESS

I will indeed confess
To hate thine evil face,
And as to thy caress,
I count it a disgrace.
I am a simple maid,
Unused to thy rude way;
None else would thus have dared
To say what thou did'st say.

[DON PEDRO *again attempts to caress her. She strikes him across the face with the garland.*]

PRINCESS

"I will summon the Prince. How dare you thus forget yourself. Begone! Begone!

[*Enter PRINCE and SUITE, SOLDIERS, etc.*]

PRINCE

Ho, ho! Behold a knave
In sorry plight.
Thy passport ere thou leave
Shall be a fight.

DON PEDRO

Ha, ha, my Prince, so I have awakened the little demon, Jealousy, have I? Thou should'st have come a little earlier, and thou might have heard me declare my passion to this shy Woodland Nymph, who probably, but for you, would now be in my arms.

PRINCE [*furiously angry*]

Hold, thou double-dyed villain. Our person you insult.
Thy very words proclaim the treachery of thy cult, thou
fiend of the Netherworld.

DON PEDRO [*as PRINCE draws his sword*]

So thou wilt fight me. I am quite ready to fence and
scar that face of thine.

[PRINCE and DON PEDRO GARCIA fence. At length the
Spaniard falls wounded in the side.]

PRINCESS [*to PRINCE, clasping his arm*]

I beseech thee, Prince, let no more blood be shed, as
thou lovest thy fame.

PRINCE

I care not if I take his life. Yet for thy dear sake
will I spare him.

PRINCESS

He has behaved very badly. Bear him away from my
presence.

PEDRO

Life is a mask of deceit.

[PRINCE stands over DON PEDRO]

Hast thou had enough?

PRINCESS

Oh, let him go; I am the cause.

PRINCE

For thee my sword I sheathe. He hath enough, I trow.

[As DON PEDRO'S injuries are attended to, a chuckle from DEMON voice is heard.]

Ha, ha!

PRINCE

Now, thou villain, I am the victor,
But thy life I spare for the sake of one
Whom I love.
It shall be spent in durance,
And I vow that if ever thou cross
My path again
Thy life shall forfeit be.
Do not attempt to return;
Thine will be the risk.
So, beware, beware, beware;
I have warned thee.

De Longueville, by my halidom,
I'll make this place my home;
So take that traitor back to Spain,
And bring some people in thy train.

DON PEDRO

Thou'll find, my friend, that in the end,
On life's great hinge,
Turns my revenge—
Revenge!

[*As DON PEDRO is being removed, he maliciously glares at PRINCESS.*]

Forget thee! Though I go to Spain.
So distant, I may come again;
And if I die, my voice shall be
Echoed in rhythms of the sea.

DEMON *voice* [*off*]

The sea, the sea. We'll see.

[*Exeunt ATTENDANTS with DON PEDRO, whom they deport.*]

PRINCE

This night of splendour
Beneath the stars,
Shall see surrender
This heart of yours.
The moon looks down
With eyes so bright.
Why have I grown
So fond to-night?
Come, I will sing in the white moonlight,
Ere I wish my love good night. good night.

I know not whether Fate hath led
Me to thy side when Hope had fled;
I know not why my feet have strayed
Into the heart of this wild glade.
But, Spirit of the Starry Eyes,
Where tremulous the soft dew lies,
As a fair lily's fold conceals
The hidden core that time reveals.
So outwardly thy lovely form
A semblance is of inward charm.
Dear Love, thy Destiny is mine;
So let me press my lips to thine.

[*They embrace.*]

PRINCESS [*the Dream*]

I dreamt of thee when fell the night,
And walked that pale Queen Moon;
The golden stars that hung in sight
Whispered, "He will come soon."
And then the rosy gates of dawn
Swept open to my gaze,
And Eos and his steeds were borne
In clouds across the maze.
And lo, he stooped o'er me and said,
"Take this—with flowers entwine."
I took a basket with two red,
Red hearts, and one was mine.

[*ELVES come down stage.*]

Chorus of ELVES

Red flowers, red hearts;
Sweet hours, sweet hearts.
Red hearts, red flowers;
Sweet hearts, sweet hours.
Tra, la, la, la, la.

PRINCE

To pass with thee each precious day,
To count the gleaming hours;
In these Elysium groves to stray
With Amaranthine flowers.
Thine eyes two glorious lamps ashine,
My life, my all, my hymn,
Hath made my love a thing divine,
By which e'en stars grow dim.

PRINCESS

To walk with thee the leafy maze,
To hear of lands unknown,
Where maidens pass their own sweet ways,
And stately castles own,
Were bliss indeed too fair to last.
Ah, now, my heart awakes
To thy caresses, and the past
Long mystic silence breaks.

PRINCE *and* PRINCESS, *Duetto*

The silken strands of glittering thread
Blent with the hues of rose,

By Love and Patience numbered,
We'll weave till life shall close.
And we will pass the long, sweet hours
As strings of gleaming dreams,
And count them as thou did'st the stars
Beside the silver streams.

Refrain

Dreams and stars, stars and dreams,
We will dwell beside the streams,
And love shall guide, whose eyes ne'er dim,
And life shall be one long, sweet hymn.

Chorus of ELVES

Hark! The liquid notes
From the sweet birds' throats
Through the woodland floats;
List! the zephyr weaves
Music from the leaves;
Spirits of the Grove,
Fairies that we love,
Come and dance away--
See the branches sway.
We have met to-night
'Neath the moon's pale light,
For our Princess Dawn

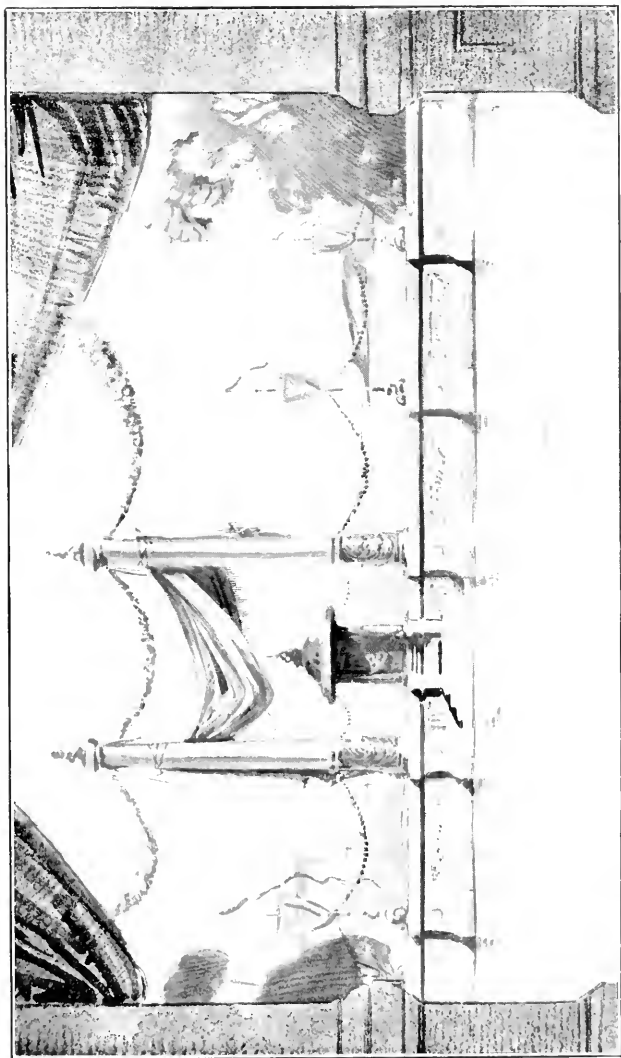
By her love is borne
To the forest glade,
Where her Prince hath made
Her his Queen.

[*Grand ELFIN Waltz.*]

END OF SECOND ACT.

[*Curtain lifted discloses PRINCE and PRINCESS centre of stage; CAMOOLA and GNOMUS, ELVES, left; retinue SOLDIERS, etc., ELVES, right.*]

THIRD ACT



ACT III—Scene I

THIRD ACT

Chamber of Palace of Capital City.

[Time has passed. Five sons have been born to the PRINCE and PRINCESS, three of whom are coming to make their adieux prior to their departure for the "seat of War," which is declared in the "Boreal Seas." The door of the chamber opens, and enter the PRINCES, preceded by MILITARY ATTENDANTS, and followed by the GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER. Table in centre, PRINCE reading despatches.]

Military Chorus

To sound of drum,	They come, they come.
To clash of arms,	To sigh of drum,
They come, they come.	To dirge of drum,
To war alarms,	To wild alarms.
To muffled drum,	They come, they come.
To moan of drum,	To clash of arms,
They come, they come.	To crash of arms,
To roll of drum,	To wild alarms,
To boom of drum,	They come, they come.

PRINCE

Alas, 'tis true, the clarion calls
Without mine old ancestral halls,
And echoes through these rocky walls.

The Furies, now convulsed with hate,
Have opened wide Bellona's Gate,
And we must rally ere too late.

While Reason blushes at the word,
That "Heathens only" draw the sword,
Lo and behold, the great War Lord.

YOUNG PRINCES

We are ready for the foemen,
For of Viking stock are we,
And we know what our forefathers
Did to gain the victory.

We have read of all the battles
Of that olden Boreal Sea;
Heroes of the land and ocean,
Who have fought for Liberty.

PRINCESS

Oh, I have dark, portentous fears—
I cannot see thee for my tears.
Go, write thy name upon the years.

PRINCES [*embracing* PRINCESS]

Responsive to that iron chime,
Forth will we go with faith sublime,
And we will write the "Song" of Time.

PRINCESS

Sweet Spirits of Immortal Light,
Allay my selfish fears,
And guide our children's feet aright
Along that path of tears.
Let Hope spring ever in my heart,
And breathe within mine ear,
That nobly I may bear my part,
Oh, hear a Mother's prayer.

Duet, PRINCE and PRINCESS

Because of thee, our every thought,
As perfume-laden dew,
Fresh as thy youth shall be enwrought
With deeds that thou shalt do.
And Love will guide thee o'er the deep,
To fight and win, or die;
Though rough thy pillow, soft thy sleep
Till all Eternity.

PRINCESS

Oh, ask me not, my lips are mute.
The moments quickly fly:
My heart is like a broken lute—
I cannot say "Good-bye."
God speed thee back to us again,
Bearing our crest on high.
Go, for my tears will fall like rain—
I cannot say "Good-bye."

[PRINCESS *sinks into seat*; PRINCE *soothes her*.]

Martial Chorus

Guard our Army and our Navy,
Citadel and Fleet,
Vanquish all our foes, we pray Thee,
Lord; if it be meet,
May we ever be sustained
In our darkest hour;
Grant that peace be e'er maintained
By Thy Grace and Power.

Lord, guide them o'er the main,
Let them not fight in vain;
Be Thou their Guide,
And when life's storm is past,
Safe in Thine arms at last
May they be found.
Glory and Honour be
For ever rendered Thee;
Ever and ever more
To Thee Whom we adore.

Amen.

[*Exeunt* PRINCES and MILITARY ATTENDANTS.]

SCENE 2.

Same Chamber; PRINCE and PRINCESS alone. PRINCESS in pale blue velvet trained gown; jewels en suite.

[Enter GENTLEMEN OF CHAMBER from one door, followed by DESPATCH-BEARERS. Enter from opposite door two PAGES, bearing a casket, which they place on table, bow, and retire. DESPATCH-BEARERS place despatches on table, bow, and retire. PRINCE, seated at table, reads despatches, turns pale, passes hand over his brow.]

PRINCESS

What news, my Prince?

PRINCE

Be still, dear Heart. There is a time
When courage maketh us sublime;
For man may chafe beneath the rod,
But all is best that comes from God.

PRINCESS

Dear Love, I feel thy just reproof—
I am so very weak.
'Tis long since they have left our roof—
One word alone I seek.

PRINCE

The message is very grave.

PRINCESS

Boris, it needs no words to tell
That some misfortune hath befall.

PRINCE

Ah, that message from the portals
Of the grave that shadows mortals,
Shall I hear the music never
Of their voices all aquiver?
Bend that silver lily tender,
Veiled with mist that grief will lend her;
Hear her broken words outpouring,
Deep impassioned thoughts adoring;
Flashing, crossing, space defying,
Listen to her ever sighing:
"Dear eyes sealed for evermore."

[PRINCE *here opens the casket, inspects the contents, closes it, regarding it sadly.*]

Solo, PRINCESS ("The Vision")

It lay o'er my brooding spirit,
It followed my waking dreams,
That vision of Death all starlit,
Whose pinions were golden flames.
And it seemed to make no motion,
As it soared o'er the gleaming waves,
Till it reached the blue rim of ocean,
Where Night guards the western caves.
I gazed till it vanished slowly,
As though through a door ajar,
Till the hush seemed stilly—holy,
And above me shone a Star.

Oh, vision of Hope, whose fingers
Clasp Faith in its close embrace;
Dear, beautiful Star that lingers
A flower in the bed of Space.

PRINCE

Dearest Heart,
Their names are graven
On the "Years";
For they have given
All they had,
For which they fought.
Lo, their gift
Is "Star enwrought."

[Here the PRINCE leads the PRINCESS to, and discloses contents of the casket. Princess looks into casket, then divesting herself of all her jewels, she hands them to the CHAMBERLAIN. PRINCESS then takes the packet, kissing it reverently.]

PRINCESS

Who telleth of battles now?
Who telleth of earth's deep woe?
Who whispers of Glory more,
In the crimson path of war?

Doth the spirit of conquest prove
The depth of a mother's love?
Shall mortals for ever strive?
Must the evil of greed survive?

Shall we never forget the song,
"Might is e'er right—Right wrong"?
Can Duty withdraw the dart
That pierceth the loving heart?

PRINCE

Cease, my dearest,
Cease to grieve;
Do not thine
Own self deceive.

Solo, PRINCE

Oh, life's sad music
Hath deep, rich chords,
With the soul for a reed,
Though it breathe no words.
Like strings of pearls
In a holy shrine,
Each gem a note
On a lute divine.

Oh, Love, life's song,
Which is sweetest, flows
To the tender measure
The dreamer knows,
With a thrilling cadenza
In mortal ears,
Where life's song endeth
Are no more tears.

Refrain, PRINCE and PRINCESS

With a thrilling cadenza in mortal ears,

Where life's song endeth are no more tears.

[*Enter CAMOOLA and GNOMUS.*]

CAMOOLA

' Princess, ere we depart, Gnomus would speak with thee.

PRINCESS

Hast thou come to bid farewell?

GNOMUS

Princess, I have e'er been watching,
Viewed great empires long departed;
Seen them marching to their grave.
I have looked on Vice and Beauty,
Vanity and all its trappings,
Luxury and Splendour, vanished
Down the Corridor of Ages.
Will I not then guard thee truly?

Thou wilt feel that sculptor, Sorrow,
Chiselling thy features slowly,
Veiling eyes of peerless lustre.
Yet will sorrow turn to glory
Radiant in the battle trenches,
Like an angel, ever searching
For the good amid the evil.

I am old, and, with Camoola,
We must soon depart a season.
Thou wilt see us both together
At that solemn festival.

Duet, CAMOOLA and GNOMUS

We will see thee all so queenly,
Ere we leave thee for the forest,
For the forest where the gnomes
Ever for thy steps are waiting,
As in mirthful hours departed,
When thy lover was the Wind.

[*Exeunt CAMOOLA and GNOMUS.*]

SCENE 3.

Terrace of Palace; grand tout ensemble; occasion of formally naming the Capital City, which is now completed, and which is to be publicly announced on the arrival of the PRINCE and PRINCESS. On either side of the Terrace are floral emblems, tropical plants and flowers. Dais in centre of Terrace. Grouped around expectantly are LADIES, GENTLEMEN, beautiful SYLPHS, STATESMEN, CONSULS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, etc.

CURTAIN RISES SLOWLY.

Chorus of SYLPHS

From the womb of Ocean's splendour,
Jewels pressed o'er regal brow,
Veiled in mist which Morn doth lend her,
Regal AUSTER standeth now.

From her night of storm and anguish,
Forth she comes a mighty Queen.
Doth she falter? Doth she languish?
Doth she on her children lean?
No; she saith: "By Cross and Crown,
Bless the sceptre we have won."

[A fanfare of trumpets announce the arrival of the Royal party. As chorus ceases, a murmur of admiration is heard, and enter PRINCE with PRINCESS leaning on his arm. All eyes are fixed on the still very beautiful QUEEN, who is attired in a robe of white satin, from which depends a train of royal purple velvet, borne by five PAGES. The PRINCESS (now QUEEN MONA) wears but a single ornament, a coronet of magnificent scintillating diamonds, forming the startling letters ANZAC, the present from her dead sons, contained in the casket.]

[PRINCE and PRINCESS stand on dais.]

PRINCES~

Anzac is the "Song" of ages;
Bind with wreaths the battle rhyme,
Score it deep upon life's pages,
Chant the undying theme sublime.

PRINCE

Earth, intone the startling story,
How its Heroes bought renown;
Cast its cloak of deathless glory
Round this offspring of the sun.

THE STORY OF ANZAC.

Forged on the anvil of the giant, War,
Each link of Anzac's chain for evermore
With gleaming fires of blood-red hearts inset,
And with eternal tears of mortals wet,
Shall bind the scroll of cruel circumstance,
And with illustrious deeds the page enhance;
And as Achilles once the battle stayed,
While olden Ilium honour duly paid
To Hector's bones in purple pall enrolled,
And reverently placed in urn of gold,
Tellurian hosts, mutely with bended head
'Mid solemn hush lament their noble dead.

How shall the muse begin the soulful theme,
With pæan rapturous or a mournful hymn?
Oh, tune the lute, and the æolian wind
Will breathe upon the strings as we unbind

The rustling leaves and read the burning words
 Scored in grand major, or sad minor chords.

'Neath skies whose splendour matched the fair
 Turquoise

The swan-like barques released, with graceful poise
 Bore the new Argonauts from Auster's shore.
 Sons of the ocean. On their casques they bore
 Signets of empire, noble scions these
 Of that fair queen enthroned upon the seas.
 The bolt had fallen, all the cult of years
 That princely pearl dissolved in blood and tears.
 Reason had fled. On Duty's shoulders fell
 The herculean task of wrestling with Hell.
 Fearless, untrained, with Courage in each hand,
 Hot for the fray, they sought Ægea's strand.
 Egypta's Delta soon behind them lay,
 And through the Cyclades they pressed their way.
 Thrilled at the loveliness of Orient isles,
 The portals 'oped where Dardanus e'er smiles.
 Ah, who would dream behind yon parapet
 And verdurous ridges that grim death was set?
 The dizzy steep their efforts first deride,
 Then with a bound they ford the swirling tide.
 A hail of fire from ambushed Moslems fall,
 Baptized with blood, they scale that classic wall.
 There, dauntless, brave, they excavate the soil.
 And in dark burrows, human moles, they toil.

How hard they fight, fair youths and bronzed men,
Right royal cubs from out a royal den.

Lo, nineteen hundred and the year fifteen,
ANZAC'S great name hath filmed upon Life's
screen,

And Boreas, raging with his frigid breath,
Dealt fearful slaughter as he danced with Death.

The Sirdar came. With calm and stately mien
Gravely he viewed the melancholy scene.
A cryptic message. Every lip was sealed,
And trembled lest the secret be revealed.
The hour had come. The gem-bestudded sky
Beheld that Silver Gondola float by,
While myriad troops, with rapid, noiseless feet,
Clambered down jagged rocks to join the Fleet.
Hands full and bootless, every nerve high-strung,
They reached their goal, and from the beach they
swung.

The Turks deceived, the strategy complete,
Alarmed, amazed, they watched the Great Retreat.

They who have reared a Monument for aye,
Whose dust shall ever be the poet's lay,
To what emotional peaks the soul must rise,
When we regard the noble sacrifice
Made for the grandeur of a loftier state,
To civilize the Globe and banish Hate.
So sleep, dear Heroes, 'neath the Attic skies,
Till God shall wipe the mist from mortal eyes.

Chorus, en masse

Hark, the grand refrain is swelling,
Thrilling every ear;
Lord of Hosts, within Thy Dwelling,
Holy Spirit, hear.
Though Earth's Empires all must crumble.
Suns and Systems wane.
In magnificence, though humble,
Long may Auster reign.

[On either side of the wings now appear the British and Australian Flags, meeting over the heads of the PRINCE and PRINCESS.]

PRINCE *[pointing to the Coronet of the PRINCESS]*
Strong in Faith which God doth give her,
Hark, she names our Citadel.

[Furore and salvo of Cheers and Hurrahs.]

PRINCESS

I pronounce our city—"A N Z A C."

[Loud Hurrahs. Here the PRINCE formally receives the KEYS OF CITADEL from MAYOR and GENTLEMEN appointed. Solemn dedication of the city is now completed.]

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

GRAND FINALE.

CURTAIN.

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